

A Little Book of Verse

PS

3511

I845L5

1906

Ada M. Pitts



Class PS 3511

Book . I 845 L5

Copyright N^o 1906

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

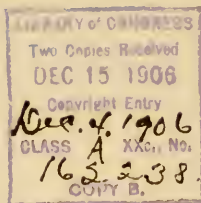


A LITTLE BOOK OF VERSE

By ADA M. FITTS

MCMVI
HENRY B. BROWN CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

PS 3511
I 845 L 5
1906



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ADA M. FITTS



D. H. 106.5, 1930

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH	1
THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS BELLS	3
HER VIOLIN	5
AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN	6
PURPOSE	8
TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY	9
THE FLOWERS WITH FACES	11
SHIP AHoy!	12
A-MAYING	14
AT SET OF SUN	15
DAFFODILS	17
THE DIGNITY OF LABOR	18
CHRYSANTHEMUMS	20
WHEN LOVE PLAYS	21
DECEMBER'S RETROSPECT	22
'NEATH THE MISTLETOE	24
EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY	26
MIGNONETTE	28
ELIZABETH	29
IN MEMORIAM	30
MAY	32
WITH A BUNCH OF VIOLETS	34
LIMITATION	35
ACCORDING TO LAW	36
HER VOICE	37
BENEATH THE SNOW	38
A CELESTIAL TRUTH	39
MEMORIAL DAY	40

	PAGE
THE BIRTH OF THE GOLDEN-ROD	42
BEYOND THE HILLS	44
TWO EASTERS	45
THE ROBIN'S LAMENT	47
LOVE ALONE IS GREAT	48
A SONG OF SPRING	50
LIFE AND DEATH	51
JUNE	52
A QUESTION OF TIME	54
WHERE ARE THE "STILL WATERS"?	55
HER EASTER	57
MOVE OUT OF THE SHADOWS	58
MUSIC	59
AFTERWARDS	60
THOUGHT	61
A QUERY	62
SOME TIME	63
JUST A SMILE	64
ASPIRATION	65
SWEET CLOVER	66
DEDICATORY POEM	67

A LITTLE BOOK OF VERSE

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

Oh! who shall tell of the thoughts of our youth,
When the whole world is rosy and fair;
And bright stars besprinkle the heavens of truth,
And there's never a trouble or care?
Far over the green hills of promise, we see
Our myriad air-castles rise;
And they're peopled with fancies, it seemeth to me,
That reach far away to the skies,
For "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Oh! well may we say that the thoughts of our youth
Are thoughts that are happy and long,
For the sunshine of gladness has touched every heart
And made it burst forth into song.
And our lives oft are musical symphonies sweet
With many a lovely refrain;
And this beautiful music on all sides we meet,
And hear it again and again,
For "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Our young lives are dreaming such wonderful dreams,
As we gaze far away o'er the sea
To the shadowy lines of the mighty beyond
With its treasures for you and for me.
We live in the future, so rosy and bright,
As we dwell on its mysteries rare;
And we're thinking and planning from morning till night
How to furnish our castles so fair,
For "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

These castles are builded again and again
With never a sound to be heard,
And never the noise of a hammer or plane
The quiet old echoes has stirred.
For each youth is an architect, ready and wise,
And his hopes frame the structures to be,
And the contract for building with gay Fancy lies,
And the plans are fantastic and free,
For "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

They are beautiful thoughts, are the thoughts of our youth,
Soft-tinted and gleaming with gold;
And, as time passes on, they are brought to the light,
As the leaves of the roses unfold.
For we live out our thoughts, and we grow as we will,
And our air-castles fade not away;
For though they be finished they 'bide with us still,
And our lives show the world every day
That "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS BELLS

In days of old, so we are told, before our grandsires' days,
There dwelt with men, upon earth then, a race of fairy fays;
Good angels too they proved to be, and many a mortal man
They helped in times of trouble dire, as only fairies can.

For years they lived and worked and loved, but strange, they
ne'er grew old,
Their lives were always beautiful, their hearts as true as gold;
And, when from earth the fairy fays were banished, history tells,
They took up their abode in sweetly chiming Christmas bells.

So, now there lives in every bell a smiling fairy fay,
Far up above the busy world they dwell from day to day;
Forbidden, as of yore, to tread the earth in latter times,
They send their messages to us in sweetest Christmas chimes.

A tiny bell the silence breaks, and joyfully it sings
The greetings from the little fay whose message kind it brings:
"The time of peace is with you now, good people all and true,
Bring happiness to others, and 'twill surely come to you."

Another bell exclaims in tones a trifle louder still,—
"I bring to earth, to all mankind, the message of goodwill;
This Christmas time may be for you the happiest ever known.
Seek out some worthy child of God — don't pass the day alone."

Another breathes of charity, and love enduring long,
And tells the story of its fay in bursts of magic song;
And hope and faith and thankfulness and joy and kindness too,
Are chimed in turn by other bells — a message ever new.

Peal after peal, and chime on chime, wake echoes sweet and
low,

As o'er the land on Christmas Day the fairy greetings go,
Perfuming all the air and making glad each troubled soul,
As onward, upward through the years, the tuneful chimings roll.

Dear people, when you hear the gentle tones to Heaven rise,
Thank God for His dear Christmas, and the time of glad surprise;
And, when you're pouring out your souls in joyous Christmas
praise,

Look up to yonder steeple, and bless all the fairy fays!

HER VIOLIN

Whene'er she plays, I always feel
A restful calm upon me steal;
I close my eyes and seem to see
The varying waves of melody
That throb their sweetness out in such
Delicious strains when she does touch
Her violin.

She tints my life with rosy hues,
And all my discontent I lose;
She sways her bow, and from it glide
Soft cadences that seem to hide
In ev'ry corner of the room.
The very air does it perfume —
Her violin.

Her music penetrates my soul,
Its pulsing notes upon me roll
Like tiny wavelets from the sea,
And fill me with sweet ecstasy;
And oftentimes it seems as though
The fairies hid within her bow
And violin.

And so, while here, I'll be content
If she will keep her instrument
Where I can hear her play, and feel
That restful calmness o'er me steal;
And I know Heaven will brighter be,
If I can hear her play, and see
Her violin.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

Oft when a child I visited an ancient, staid relation ;
 'Twas down at Peters' Corners where the meadows smell so
 sweet;

My Aunt Matilda had a farm far off from all creation,
 And a tiny little cottage where the country cross-roads meet.

I can see it now, that picture — in my mind it's fresh and clear,
 Though years of toil and worldly care have furrowed deep my
 brow —

That little house and old well-sweep, to mem'ry ever dear,
 But the garden was, of all the sights, the finest, I'll allow.

Never had my childish fancy conjured up such a collection;
 Never have I seen a garden that could with this one compare.
When I look at city flowers, then, ah! then, the recollection
 Of my Aunt Matilda's garden seems a vision wondrous rare.

There were beds both wide and narrow, and beds both round
 and square,

 Bordered by long rows of clam-shells set in order trim and true ;
And each morning bright and early Aunt Matilda would repair
 To her dearly cherished garden, and the brilliant vision view.

There were such a lot of roses, great big fellows you would think !
 Candytuft and bluest larkspur, mourning-bride and mignon-
 ette ;

Johnny-jump-ups by the dozen and a tuft of garden pink,
 And the daisies and forget-me-nots were always to be met.

Petunias and pansies sweet and poppies dressed so gay,
Sweet William, yellow marigolds and unpretending phlox ;
Nasturtiums brave, verbenas too, and lady's slipper lay
All guarded by the tall sunflowers and stately hollyhocks.

Farther down the sunny path, which was bordered neat with box,
Regiments of China asters stood and Canterbury bells,
With starry coreopsis, geraniums and stocks,
And scores of quaint old flowering plants a florist never sells.

There were morning-glories climbing up and peeping in the door,
And honeysuckle, clematis and sweet Madeira vine ;
There were lilacs and syringas and many, many more,
And over in one corner stood some clumps of columbine.

.
Do you wonder that, when weary and when business cares annoy,
And when the days are crowded full of anxious, troubled hours,
I like to take a breathing-spell and think I am a boy,
And in imagination dwell 'mongst Aunt Matilda's flowers ?

PURPOSE

On the eternal edge of the beyond,
Where Doubt and Pain lie buried, side by side;
Where Hope and Love and Trust, in common bond
And free, unfettered fellowship abide,—
There gleams a star of bright, unsullied rays
Which naught can quench or dim; it ever shows
Its beacon light to all who set their gaze
Above each varying, fleeting wind that blows.
The star of Purpose! Who knows not its need,
Who scans not Heaven's broad arch for welcome gleams
To light and strengthen life, is poor indeed,—
A lonely wand'rer in this land of dreams.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Oh, poet of the people! In your soul
God placed such wealth of tender, vibrant chords
That, when your rhythmic fancy sweeps the strings,
The thought of even simple, common things
The rarest, sweetest melodies affords.
Oh, dreamer of rare dreams! Your fancies roll
As waves upon a broad and endless sea;
Your thoughts unlimited, unbounded, free —
Your dainty verse, the mirror of your soul.

Oh, singer of sweet songs! Your music goes
Down to the source of all that's good and true;
Oh, artist true! your facile, ready brush
Has wrought such pictures, rosy with the flush
Of happy days, and made all things anew,
While bright with promises the canvas glows.
The world is better just because you're here,
And joys unlooked for ev'rywhere appear,—
The sunshine clearer o'er the pathway shows.

Your pen — your magic pen — oh, poet rare!
Our sympathetic tears can make to flow;
And but a word from you the smiles will bring,
And trouble will depart, and cares take wing.
Mere words are sermons if you make them so,
And all the world is glad beyond compare.
Oh, friend of Nature and of Man! You've found
The way into all hearts; your verse is wound
About our lives, a gentle, restful prayer.

Oh, bard of flowers and birds and open air!
Oh, poet of "green fields and running brooks,"
Of summer breezes, and of children's smiles,
We welcome you. May all your "afterwhiles"
Be filled with joy and peace — and shady nooks
And gardens of sweet blossoms, wondrous fair,
And rippling rills, and quiet, peaceful streams,
And sunny summer days, and pleasant dreams
Of all the world which loves your verses rare.

Oh, poet of the people! In your soul
God placed such wealth of tender, vibrant chords
That, when your rhythmic fancy sweeps the strings,
The thought of even simple, common things
The rarest, sweetest melodies affords.
Oh, dreamer of rare dreams! Your fancies roll
As waves upon a broad and endless sea;
Your thoughts unlimited, unbounded, free —
Your dainty verse, the mirror of your soul.

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES

What are your thoughts as you blossom, sweet flowers,
And bask in the sunshine through bright summer days,
Smiling and growing through many long hours,
Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays ?

What do I see in your sweet little faces ?
Dainty they are in their tints manifold.
Lessons for all in the world's busy places,
Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold.

Smiling though drear be the weather and cheerless,
Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling shower;
Gem of the flowery creation — thou'rt peerless.
Surely hath Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt gazing,
Thy magnet, the sun, and thy balm, freshening showers;
Fair example of purity! All should be praising
This loveliest one of the summer's fair flowers.

Give me pansies all shades, from the white to the golden,
The purple and blue and each hue that they wear;
For no others I care. Oh! their dainty sweet faces
In life and in death my affections shall share.

SHIP AHOY!

"Ship ahoy!" said the sailor bold,
And a friendly flag displayed;
"From where are ye bound, and what have ye found
In the marts of commerce and trade?
Is your gen'rous hold filled with virgin gold,
Or with curios rich and gay?
And where do ye make, and what course do ye take?
Ahoy, Ahoy, I say!"

Then the answer came in a cheery cry
From the deck of the merchantman:
"We're from far Bombay, and it's many a day
Since our good ship the voyage began.
The cargo we hold is of value untold,
And our cruise is almost o'er;
Ere the sun sets to-day, we will sail up the bay,
And seek yonder sheltering shore."

"Friend ahoy!" said the landsman grim,
As a traveler he met one day;
"Where do you sail? Can you weather a gale?
And your cargo — how well does it pay?
Is your rudder tested, your steersman true,
And your rigging beyond compare?
And what of the captain, and what of the crew?
And what flag is your ensign fair?"

Then the traveler smiled a happy smile,
And he said: "Good friend, I sail
To the Port of Peace, where the mad waves cease,
And beyond ev'ry blustering gale.
My rudder is Right, and it's tested fair,
And my steersman is clear-eyed Hope;
And the flag of Success is my ensign there,
And I know ev'ry spar and rope."

.

Then the landsman gazed in a wistful way,
And he said *to himself*,—"Ship ahoy! I say."

A-MAYING

Young April goes straying across the fields,
A magical wand in his hand he wields,
As he rambles along the way;
And, hearing him come, the sweet spring flowers
Smile out from their shady woodland bowers,—
They've watched for him many a day.

He passes his wand o'er the trees so bare,
And a crop of buds full soon they wear,
And the branches blow and swing;
And the rich perfume, so dreamy and sweet,
Which the gladsome, festive song birds meet,
Makes them carol away and sing.

As he strolls along by the meadow brook,
He takes a gentle and lingering look
At the willows bending low;
And the dear little "pussies" so long asleep,
Open their eyes to the light for a peep,
And straightway begin to grow.

But amidst these wonders so manifold,
Dear April, our friend, is growing old,
As over the fields he's straying;
And at last one day we'll awake to see,
That he left in the night quite suddenly,
For April has gone "A-Maying."

AT SET OF SUN

I stood upon a rocky height,
And watched the mighty king of light.

And, as he bade good-by to day,
His soft effulgence 'round me lay.

It penetrated far and near,
And made my way more bright appear.

And, as I gazed, there came to me
A thought from Heaven's immensity.

How like we might be to the sun —
A smile or prayer for every one!

Some lives are wrought with cloth of gold,
Some woven gay in hues untold.

And some, though fair and sweet they be,
Are lacking in embroidery;

While others seem a somber gray,
So destitute of brightness they.

You, who are decked in robes so gay,
Upon whom pleasure waits away,

A duty owe to those arrayed
In darksome gowns of hue so staid.

Take up their cause and shed around
Their path the light they've never found.

The sun, though royal monarch he,
Sheds light on all humanity.

His smile is ever bright and sure,
He shines alike on rich and poor.

Low sunk the sun. My steps I turned
Adown the mountain side — I'd learned

A lesson grand, and that I may
Live out its truths, I pray each day.

DAFFODILS

Daffodils — you sun-dipped posies,
What a story fair,
Study of your life discloses —
How your golden hair
Came from constant upward glances —
Halo full of myriad fancies,
One of Flora's sweet romances
For the flowers to share.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

'Twas not ordained that man should ever lead
An aimless life — his brain inert, asleep —
His hands afold to all the crying need
Of ages, and his pulse not bound and leap
With vigorous desire to work, to fight,
To enter full-armed Life's resistless fray,
To strike the Anvil of Success — to right
The wrongs of countless thousands; turn to day
Black Error's night; extend the helping hand
Of brotherhood to all, and light the way
For those, perchance, who may not understand
That brightness is beyond when skies are gray.

The man without a purpose! Yet he dares
To ask of God protection, though he hold
No implement to carve his way, nor cares
To shape his future in Ambition's mold.
His ship is moored, and useless now it stands,
With Opportunity's broad sea beyond;
His breath would fill its sails, his stern commands
Would loose the little craft from tiresome bond,
And speed it o'er the course which lies ahead,
But yet he sleeps — no wish to be attained,
No reaching out; ambition now is dead,
No sov'reignty of independence gained.

The laborer with his hoe, the artisan,
The warrior, the skilled mechanic — aye,
The scholar learned — each is but a man,
And more a man because he finds the way
By honest toil to live as God has meant.
To work — may be to plod — but plodding brings
Reward and glorifies the instrument
Which leads the plodder on to kindlier things.
Labor cannot abase; it elevates.
The idler is a stigma — nay, a blot
On the eternal plan. Success still waits
At many a closed door which opens not.

The hoe, the sword, the pen — each gives the right
To him who holds it to be great, to show
The dignity of labor, and the might
Persistence and a swerveless purpose know.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

O, dear sweet face, come back to me.
I strain my eyes so oft to see
Your sunny hair, your eyes of blue,
Your smile so tender, brave and true,
Your patient longings, hopes and fears,
The sweetness of your gentle years,
And then, dear one, there always comes
A vision of chrysanthemums.

The years are few, but, little lass,
The tie is stronger as they pass,
For though your own dear feet now stand
Within the realms of Summer-land,
No mists or clouds can e'er divide
Our paths ; we're walking side by side,
And all about our pathway comes
A shower of white chrysanthemums.

O, feathery flowers so pure and white!
Be ye my messengers of light.
May each fair blossom find the way
To take my love to her and say:
"God grant through all my life there comes
"Your dear face 'mid chrysanthemums."

WHEN LOVE PLAYS

When Love plays the lute, dear,
All the world will dance;
Other minstrels mute, dear,—
Never have a chance.

Love, the troubadour, dear,
Plays on hearts as well,
Tunes unceasing for, dear,
Tireless efforts tell.

Mocks the world at Love, dear ?
Then 'tis but a jest;
'Tisn't hard to prove, dear,
All heed his behest.

Still we all will dance, dear,
When Love picks the strings;
All the world's romance, dear,
So the poet sings.

Love will never cease, dear,
To his work he's true;
Many folks to please, dear,
Young hearts — old ones, too.

So the world will dance, dear,
When Love plays the lute;
All the world's romance, dear,
Other minstrels mute.

DECEMBER'S RETROSPECT

With foot apoise, December's maid
Upon the threshold, pensive stands,
In sweetest retrospect; time laid
Fair promises within her hands.

She's loath to go; the bygone days
Such tender mem'ries left behind,
She seeks to penetrate the haze
Which veils the future from mankind.

In meditation deep she waits,
A voice the silence breaks. She hears,
"Press onward through the wondrous gates,
Go forth, dear maid, and have no fears."

"List not to pessimistic complaints,
The future sheds a brighter glow;
Anticipation bravely paints
Fair pictures,— strong the colors grow."

"Each life a painting is,— and we
Upon the palette of each day
Mix well our colors. Lo! they see
Who look. Time's artists do not play."

No longer need our steps be stayed
Upon the edge of the unseen;
Rare symphonies are yet unplayed,
Sweet triumphs to our portals lean.

Ah! maid, those true eyes need not doubt
The future. God's mysterious way
For each soul's good is working out —
He findeth joy for every day.

But step from out thy daydream rare,
And raise thine earnest, longing eyes;
Thine arms shall clasp the world, and bear
The shining future for the prize.

'NEATH THE MISTLETOE

'Neath the mistletoe I caught her —
The old Judge's youngest daughter,
 Christmas eve;
Oh! she was a little beauty,
And a type of filial duty,
 I believe.

'Neath the mistletoe I caught her,
And a lesson sweet I taught her
 On the spot;
As my arms stole gently 'round her,
Winsome prisoner I found her —
 Who would not?

Shadows gathered 'round us thickly,
And the time passed all too quickly,
 I allow;
Christmas cheer was waxing merry,
I had paid for ev'ry berry
 On that bough.

'Neath the mistletoe I caught her,
Sweetest girl on earth, I thought her,
 Aye — and more;
So absorbed we with each other
That we never heard her father
 Close the door.

'Neath the mistletoe *he* caught her,
Yes, the old Judge caught his daughter,—
 (We three met);
That's the one apparent reason
Why we're not this Christmas season
 'Neath it yet.

EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY

There is no use in fretting,
Nor a bit of sense in letting
Your peace of mind be ruffled by the things that people say;
For it's just as sure as preaching,
Some folks are always reaching
'Way over all the bound'ry lines of common sense to-day.

Long years of sage advising
Have taught me truths surprising.
I feel to-day it's best to have just all the friends you can;
I've found this much in living,—
There's more glory in forgiving
Than in heaping up old scores of wrong against a fellow man.

It's sweet service to keep trying
To be good; it makes your dying
Kind of pleasant-like to think about when you are tired and sad;
And there's lots of comfort knowing
God's flowers are always blowing,
And this year's blooms will be as bright as those the last year had.

So, what's the use of pining?
God's sun is always shining,
For though perhaps this minute you can't see it on this side,
You know its rays are streaming,
On the other side it's beaming
With the cheerful, bright effulgence that it never tries to hide.

Just be right glad you're living,
And keep up a kind forgiving,
And God will crown your efforts with a measure of success;
For what's the use of pining,
Since His sun is always shining,
And sending out its rays of light to comfort and to bless ?

MIGNONETTE

It lingers in my memory yet,
The faint perfume of mignonette,—
And brings to mind a fair, sweet face,
From out my heart,—its resting-place.

She loved the dainty mignonette,
And oftentimes I see her yet,
Her hands both full of fragrant sprays,
As they were in the dear old days.

She passed away like summer flowers,
From out this fleeting life of ours;
But the fair blooms she used to love
Bring comfort to me from above.

E'en now when I see mignonette,
My eyes grow dim,—my lashes wet,
For ev'ry blossom seems to know
And take me back to long ago.

She's waiting for me, ah! I feel
That, when I reach that "land of leal,"
She'll meet me at the border-lands,
With mignonette blooms in her hands.

ELIZABETH

A wealth of sweetness clustereth
About thy name, Elizabeth.
It brings to mind a dainty maid
Demure, vivacious,— and yet staid
To a degree — but lacking none
Of Heaven's graces, nay, not one.
Her sunny smile, her cheery word,
To me are like sweet music heard
When night comes on, and, dreaming, we
A part of Heaven seem to be.
The "choir invisible" we hear —
Rare melodies for mortal ear!

Elizabeth! how fair you are!
In your gray eyes I see a star
Of hope that leads me on for aye —
My beacon in life's busy day.
Your bright brown hair with light is filled.
I think the sun-god must have spilled
Some beams of brightness from above
Upon the tresses that I love,
And I know Cupid hides within
That tiny dimple in your chin.
Elizabeth! may I but say,
Thou'rt my dear comforter to-day?
And always, whether life or death,
I'll trust in thee, Elizabeth!

IN MEMORIAM

(WILLIAM MCKINLEY)

Death is new life; 'tis but the aftermath;
When one has walked with tired and weary feet,
'Tis but the little gate that marks the path,
And opes the way to life full and complete —
The reaching out of all the good and true.
So Nature-forces with a beckoning hand
Swung back the gate, and led him gently through
The shadows into glorious Summer-land.

'Tis not for us to mourn; God made it so,
Yet for his passing not alone we grieve,
But that a coward hand should lay him low,—
That hatred and rebellious wrong achieve
A victory o'er right and life this hour,—
That truth and good should boldly be defied;
That anarchy should strike the great will power
Of this fair land, and right should be denied.

Columbia's tears have fallen; still they fall.
Her honored son rests in a martyr's grave;
And, though the stars and stripes float over all,
In sad, half-masted dignity they wave.
The murmuring breezes whisper of his worth,
The sunshine tells his love for ev'ry one;
And voices rising from the warm, sweet earth
Speak of his countless deeds of bravery done.

And when the pale-faced stars come out at night,
Their gleaming lights in Heaven's dome set high,
They sing of him,—God's hero in the fight,—
Though loving life, yet not afraid to die.
Oh, flowers! breathe out your sweet and rare perfumes.
His life is breathing perfume sweet to-day;
For, lo! his heart a mansion was, with rooms
For ev'ry fellow-traveler on the way.

And songs of birds, though passing sweet they be,
And laden with a wealth of music's lore,
Could not exceed the tender melody
That great soul lived, and which passed on before.
A rounded life,—a circle true, complete!
And now from out the Summer-land, a smile;
And lo! a voice the straining ears to greet;
“'Tis mystery now; wait yet a little while.”

MAY

Now sweet May has come rejoicing,
And her pleasure she is voicing
 Day by day;
Hear the breeze so gently swaying
All the branches — they are saying,
“It is homage we are paying
 To thee, May.”

All the lovely flowers are blooming,
And the whole earth is assuming
 Looks of grace;
When I realize that this
Really is the spring — the bliss
I feel makes me long to kiss
 Nature's face.

All the little streams are flowing,
And each leaf and flower is showing
 Colors gay;
There's a wondrous happy feeling
From the tiny violets kneeling
To the blue of Heaven's ceiling
 Far away.

In the morning hours the rising
Of the sun reveals surprising
 Pictures new;
And the air we breathe is sweeter,
And our whole lives are completer.
Nature smiles — we love to greet her,—
 Happy too.

Then at noontide life is rushing,
All is hurry — heat is flushing
 Ev'ry face;
Some way, folks can't help a-wishing
They could quit and go a-fishing,
Hear the happy waters swishing
 On apace.

But when evening shadows gather
Thick and fast, then I would rather
 Sit and dream;
Rosy skies high hanging o'er us,
And the frogs in singing chorus
Make me think the evening's for us
 Sweetest theme.

Seems to me this sweet communing
Ought to keep our lives attuning
 Every day;
So let's all be blithely singing
As the days are swiftly winging,
For we know their flight is bringing
 Next year's May.

WITH A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

TO —————

A little bunch of violets blue —
And may they show my love for you,
My friend, so good and kind and true,
 This birthday bright!
And may your life be just as sweet
As these fair flowers with which I greet
You on this day — and as complete,
 And full of light.

And, as the perfume sweet and fair,
Floats from these blossoms on the air,
My dear, believe that 'tis my prayer
 For you this day;
A blessing which shall surely rise
As incense upward to the skies,
Till resting on your life, it lies
 For aye and aye.

Oh! had I ev'ry blossom sweet,
The earth can boast,— all kinds complete,
To lay down, dear one, at your feet,—
 An offering true;
There wouldn't be enough to show
The love I'm sending you, and so
My violets must tell it low —
 My love for you.

LIMITATION

We set the limits that our lives attain.

Each man his own surveyor is — if he
Stake out a narrow path, content to gain

A meager harvest — if his mind may be
Full satisfied with gleanings from the field

Another's proud ambition brought to birth,
Content no influence for good to wield,

No seed to scatter in the fruitful earth —
What disregard of opportunity!

What lack of purpose do they show who choose
To shine by light reflected. Though they be

Possessed of lamps, the light they never use.
The world is broad, and though all men have not

An equal wisdom — though environment
Cause doubt, unrest and discontent, may not

Some meed of happiness to all be lent ?
The good is over all; each has a part

To play in life's great symphony. Though some
Strike listless chords from out a tuneless heart,

From others waves of melody will come.
Ambition is the key-note of success.

'Tis the eternal plan that all should be
The parts of one great whole, and, more or less —
But each a requisite to symmetry.

ACCORDING TO LAW

Our lives are legal instruments,
We deed to good or bad intents,
 And then affix the seal;
Acknowledged before Conscience stern,
The world has witnesses in turn
 Duly attest them real.

Of Pleasure gay we ask a loan,
Her treatment in the past condone,
 And when the time arrives,
While granting us our earnest plea,
She takes for her security
 A *mortgage* on our lives.

And so it goes; the records show
Transactions more than we may know
 Upon the many pages;
The books of life are kept so true,
A record's there of all we do
 Though fierce the battle wages.

And, when at last arrives the date
When settlements are due, then Fate
 Turns to her grim archives;
And lo! straightway she draws up neat,
In form correct and quite complete,
 An *abstract* of our lives.

HER VOICE.

Adown the sweetly fragrant years,
Made sacred by her smiles and tears;
Her hopes and fears, her friendships true,
Her trials and her blessings too,—
Adown these years it comes to me
Far clearer than it used to be,
And mem'ries sweet cling closer still
About my heart and brain until
Her Heaven is mine — and I rejoice
To hear just once again, her voice.

Ah! though they say the years have passed,
Not one small shadow have they cast
Against that mem'ry, nor will I
Consent to let the vision die.
I live my life for her; she'll know
If I forget, or careless grow;
And so I'm living every day
With her in mind — she keeps away
The wicked thoughts, and I rejoice
That I can *always* hear her voice.

BENEATH THE SNOW

Beneath the snow a violet fair
Unclosed its eyes one day ;
And all unseen, it blossomed there,
Then drooped and died away.
No one beheld its modest grace,
It filled a humble, lowly place.

A brilliant sunflower raised its head,
When summer-time had come ;
And tall it grew ; each day 'twas fed
By warm smiles from the sun.
'Twas seen by all who passed that way,
So tall it stood in bright array.

'Tis ever so. The pure and true
Will bide in quiet grace ;
And oft there proves some friend who knew
Of that sweet resting-place.
But ah ! how few there be who care
To search for hidden jewels rare.

Our glaring faults are found too oft
Where gentler charms should be ;
As sunflowers rear their heads aloft,
Chafed by obscurity.

A lowly place is theirs by right,
They wantonly seek others' light.

.
The lovelier traits of soul and mind

Strive not to make a brilliant show ;
And, if these graces we would find,
Our search must be — beneath the snow.

A CELESTIAL TRUTH

The sun's the "lamp of day" we hear,
But, when he takes his flight,
And trembling day goes forth with fear
To meet the dark-hued night,
The moon with pitying glances then
Smiles down to light the way,
And guide to far eternity,
The wandering, light-haired day.

And fearing that the fickle moon
Her young charge might forsake,
The stars like myriad candles soon
Are shining in her wake.
But e'en though moon and stars shed light
On night's uncertain way,
I'm sure they're only making bright
The path of coming day!

MEMORIAL DAY

Oh, day of tender memories! Each hour
Is filled with recollections fond and dear.
This sweet May-time to thousands is but fraught
With echoes of the by-gone hours — our thought
Brings close the dear ones, till we seem to hear
Their voices, and in ev'ry lovely flower
We see that story known and loved and read —
Those magic words " 'Tis life, for none are dead."
And this has softened sorrow's darkest hour.

The day to dream! To wreath all sweetest flowers
O'er grassy mounds, perchance with tearful eyes;
To fill our hearts with thoughts of better things,
And thank each little bird, which gaily sings,
And with his pulsing song yet seeks to rise
Above the nests of earth — to find new bowers
Beyond the deepening shades of Heaven's blue.
His song may pierce the beauteous canvas through,
Though earth still hold for him some weary hours.

May we yet hear your footsteps? May the tread
So eagerly awaited, come once more?
May we not hear a sound of fife and drum,
And muskets' rattle through the stillness come?
May clash of swords and bursting bombs' loud roar
Come close to us? You who have fought and bled,
To whom the smoke of battle counted naught,
We hold to-day in loving, tender thought,
And crown you with Love's dear words, all unsaid.

Bring wealth of blossoms then, of colors rare,
And strew them tenderly to-day o'er all;
For these fair flowers a living chain shall make
To link our lives to those for whose dear sake
We put aside the thought of sorrow's pall.
All Nature smiles, and life is glad and fair,
For Death is not — 'tis Life that is for aye,
And soon 'twill be one long Memorial Day,
With naught to separate the Here and There.

THE BIRTH OF THE GOLDEN-ROD

The spring-time had gone with its violets fair,
And its lilacs and tulips so gay;
And the warm breath of summer, which perfumed the air,
Had stolen the roses away.

Far off o'er the hills went sweet Spring, laughing sprite!
'Mid caroling music of birds;
And now our friend Summer had paused in her flight
Looking back for a few farewell words.

For Autumn was coming; his heralds rode by,
'Twas surely a fortnight ago;
And Dame Nature already was wondering why
She could get no bright field flowers to grow.

For, "Really," she said, "it would never be right,
"For the flowers of Summer and Spring
"To be gayer or sweeter or any more bright
"Than the ones which the Autumn should bring."

So she searched far and near, but she had no success,
For no flowers could she find to grow wild,
And despaired of producing gay blossoms to dress
And adorn this,—her favorite child.

In the midst of her troubles and growing despair,
God sent forth his sunshine in streams;
And it came, as it were, in response to her prayer,
In floods of bright, heavenly gleams.

It fell o'er the fields and the hillsides so green,
In showers of plumes waving with gold;
And it filtered through thickets and branches between,
Till each shrub bore as much as 'twould hold.

And the land was ablaze with a radiance that year.
It came from that wonderful flower
God made out of sunlight so pure and so clear,
In the pathway of Autumn to shower.

.
That was ages ago; on our hillsides to-day,
Every year the bright blossoms still nod;
Their royal plumes waving and decking the way
With splendor — God's own golden-rod.

BEYOND THE HILLS

Why fret and murmur o'er thy life?
'Tis passing short, this earthly strife.
Then note each swiftly flying year,
Not here thy rest; it doth appear
Beyond the hills.

Though friends shall cease to hold thee dear,
Though clouds seem ever hovering near,
With patience run thine earthly race,
And trusting ever, turn thy face
Unto the hills.

Nor ask the reason — let thy lot
In thoughts of others be forgot.
The world for thee has little thought.
Thy happy time may soon be wrought
Beyond the hills.

Then let thy life be brave and true,
In words and thoughts and actions too,
For though thy path be not entwined
With flowers, a sweeter rest thou'lt find
Beyond the hills.

Though short may be thy life, or long,
Then make it, as thou canst, a song;
Its melody will penetrate
To worlds unseen, and for thee wait
Beyond the hills.

TWO EASTERS

1905

I often marvel at the ways
Of women, strange to say;
As bachelor, I'm prone to gaze
Around on Easter day
With feelings of a righteous awe,
Not unmixed with surprise,
And never cease to wonder at
The hats which meet my eyes.

A modest salary have I,
My bank account is small;
Few Easter bonnets it would buy,
I muse, so after all
Unwedded I must still remain,
Though hard it proves to be;
For I couldn't think of letting
Easter fashions ruin me.

.

1906

Last year a bachelor was I,
A benedict to-day;
And broken is my Easter vow
For lo! I found the way
To solve the problem which perplexed
And troubled me for days;
And now I've ceased to wonder at
Capricious woman's ways.

Ho! all ye staid old bachelors,
And widowers forsooth,
And men of all conditions from
The gray-haired to the youth!
Learn how I solved the question grave,
And then you will aver
That I did a brilliant thing the day
I wed the milliner.

THE ROBIN'S LAMENT

Mr. Robin perched high in a friendly old tree,
Was quite out of patience to-day ;
He looked at me wisely and said, " Don't you see
That before people know 'twill be May,
And I can't understand for the life of me why
The leaves and the buds on the trees
Don't hurry a little — it quite makes me sigh
To see such a "go-as-you-please."

"Why, I've sung and I've trilled all the songs that I know
To coax them a little, you see;
And the sun has been shining for weeks now to show
That they couldn't take cold possibly.
But they're dreadfully obstinate,—else they don't care
How lonesome we've been all the spring,
For it's really quite cheerless to sit 'way up there
On some dry, withered branches and sing."

So, dear Mother Nature, just give all the trees
A few gentle pats, and a dose
Of your magic elixir — and say to them, please,
That they've had quite too long a repose.
Let the leaves and the blossoms come quickly, we pray,
For not birds alone, surely, but men
Are looking with longing eyes quite into May,
When the trees show their blossoms again.

LOVE ALONE IS GREAT

If all the countless stars were candles set
To guide me to a far-off, happy land,
Where peace and joy and rest were ever met,
And gentleness and dreams on ev'ry hand,
Where Heaven's flowers abloom, their fragrance fanned
By zephyrs at Elysia's fair command —
Were all this offered me, I'd say "Not yet,
"For love is infinite, 'twill not forget,"
And, dear one, tell me, would you understand ?

If all the pleasures that success bestows
Were offered me — if staves and trusty guides
Were in my reach, to scale the heavy snows
That cover Fame's eternal mountain sides,
And I might reach the top with careful strides —
Dear one, the thought of you at once decides;
Not fame it is that tints a life with rose.
Without you in my heart, ah, dear! who knows
Of anything to be desired besides ?

Were riches mine — a wealth of yellow gold
With which to satisfy all earthly greed;
And mine Pandora's wonders all untold,
They could not quench my soul's fierce, daily need.
On Life's long rosary I'd tell each bead
My love for you — and how all pathways lead
To you, dear heart, my life's true, firm stronghold,—
My shelter from the world unkind and cold.
Without you there e'en Heaven were bare indeed.

Not power I ask, not earthly real estate,
Nor fame — a bubble on Life's stormy sea;
Not gold or riches as my portion, Fate,
Not social prestige, sought so greedily,
But that, dear one, my life attuned to thee,
Thy love, as now, my kingdom may it be!
All else is naught — 'tis Love alone is great.

A SONG OF SPRING

Her dainty hands enclasping fragrant flowers,
Her joyous eyes alight with radiant smiles;
Maid Spring comes dancing down the happy hours,
And leaves behind old Winter's dreary miles.

Her welcome? Ah! 'tis certain as the morn,
The zephyrs shake her dress, and kiss her hair,
As on she comes — young April's getting worn,
And needs encouragement — a goodly share.

The brook has seen her as she dances by,
And murmurs sweet thanksgiving at the sound;
The robin trills his happy song on high
And Nature has her own dear children found.

The violet heard a noise — she'd been asleep,
But poked her pretty head 'way out to see,
And, as she wide-eyed took a fragrant peep,
She said: "This sunshine's good enough for me."

And all the children's hearts so happy too,
Reflect the sunshine and the flower-strewn way;
Their little voices singing to the blue,
As maiden Spring goes forth to welcome May.

LIFE AND DEATH

LIFE

What is Life? Just to do your best —
To help your neighbor; to stand the test
Of pain and sorrow; to bear with grace
Your troubles, and wear a smiling face;
To be thoughtful and loving and kind each day,
To be thankful for blessings that come your way;
To look for good; to say "I forgive."
Ah, yes! this is what it means to live.

DEATH

What is Death? 'Tis the aftermath,
The little gate at the end of the path
Opening into a better day
Where all is sunshine and feet wont stray, —
Not as some say, "The dreamless sleep,"
Where the harvest waits with no one to reap,
For to those who wait and who wish, it seems
That Death is made up of Life's sweetest dreams.

JUNE

I met her yesterday — that beauteous maid —
Sweet, fair-faced June — and thus she spoke 'mid smiles:
"My mother, Madame Summer, is afraid
The flowers are loitering along the miles.
She worries so each year when I come back
For fear the blossoms won't heed my command.
(You see if there should ever be a lack,
'Twould mean a great misfortune to the land.)
But dear me! I will never worry so —
My roses are en route some millions strong,
And they are sweeter every year they blow,
Poor things, although they can't stay very long.
And see my pansies — every thought is here
From merry yellow to the tender blue.
My pinks and daisies and syringa dear
Are pressing on to have a look at you.
You see I have so much to do, but still
No breath is ever wasted, for some flower
Will raise its head for every smile, until
I make up quite a nosegay in an hour.
Yet, though the work is hard, I'm glad to keep
This flowery world a-going — why the brides
Keep me so busy that I scarcely sleep,
And then see all the graduates besides!
But just believe the flowers will all be here.
I get a 'wireless' several times a day,
And Flora — yes, my aunt — says 'never fear,
I'm helping you, dear June, in my own way.'"
I glanced again at her, sweet, smiling June,
Her hair rose-wreathed, and blossoms in her arms —
"Ah, yes!" thought I, "the whole world is in tune

And life a waking dream with endless charms."
For good is everywhere — if not in sight
We need but call; 'twill answer merrily;
And treasures yet undreamed of will delight,
While pain and trouble perish of ennui.

A QUESTION OF TIME

I toiled along the road one day,
With lagging step and fevered brow;
Grim discontent blocked full my way,
And youth to hindrances would bow.
Just then there came into my view
A patriarch — his white hair free,
Though bent his frame, his step was true,
And pleasantly he greeted me.

How wondrous strange is this, thought I,
Three score and ten he long has passed;
The years of youth are all put by,
Yet may such freshened vigor last?
“Good father, tell me,” then I said,
“How old you are — how many years
Have crossed and recrossed o’er your head,
And sported with your hopes and fears?”

“My son,” said he, “full eighty years
Have rung their changes on my life;
I’ve lived and suffered; joy and tears
Have dwelt with me, yea, peace and strife
Have waged their warfare in my soul,
And each has claimed the right of way;
But Youth first pointed out the goal,—
I’m eighty years *young*, my son, to-day.”

.

Ah! Fate, we ask not much of thee,
While Time shall wing his fickle flight;
But grant this one prayer — may we see
And read Life’s calendar aright.

WHERE ARE THE "STILL WATERS" ?

Dear soul, are you tired of the journey?
Do you sometimes 'most faint by the way?
Is the river of life such a long one
With no sign of a sheltering bay?
Is the trim little craft tired of breasting
The billows; the way — is it far?
And does the dear heart ever wonder
Where God's promised "still waters" are ?

Where are the "still waters"? The toilers
Have sought for them many a day;
But never a sight of the harbor
With its peaceful waves shining away.
And never a sail on its bosom,
Where winds never toss — ah! the bar
Keeps the breakers from reaching the harbor
Where God's gentle "still waters" are.

How the waves toss and fret through our passage!
How hard the winds blow! Will we make
The sweet haven of rest we are bound for ?
How our hands and our hearts throb and ache!
Still we're gazing around for the harbor,
And we strain our eyes watching for light;
And we think that the journey's 'most over,
And God's dear "still waters" in sight.

But no! They're no nearer than ever,
We are watching and waiting in vain;
"Still waters" are not to be sought for,—
God knows when the toiling is pain.
This life brings not "still waters,"— only
A promise of peace to the true;
And our final reward for well-doing
Will be when the struggle is through.

Dear soul, are you tired of the journey?
Do you sometimes 'most faint by the way?
Is the river of life such a long one
With no sign of a sheltering bay?
Don't worry, dear heart, and don't wonder
Because the way's stormy and far;
In God's own good time He will tell you,—
You'll know where the "still waters" are.

I believe that in Heaven, God's flowers
Are in bloom by the "still waters" fair;
And the roses of life here denied us
Will bloom doubly sweet over there.
So be patient, dear one; God is leading
You on to the end,—'tis not far;
And in His good time He will show you
Just where the sweet "still waters" are.

HER EASTER

Through the long and painful winter all her hopes were clad in
gloom,
Imprisoned by vague doubtings in a dark and narrow tomb;
No sunshine from God's Heaven, and no smiles from Nature's
face,
To cheer the cold monotony of life in a sad place.

But with the dawn of Easter, and the joyous, radiant morn,
The withered, blighted passion-flower from out the tomb is
borne;
And gentle Hope, with smiling eyes, within the door-way stands,
A promise in her heart — an Easter lily in her hands.

MOVE OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Don't stay in the lonesome, gray valley, my dear.
The sun hasn't shone there for days,
And shadows are hanging so dangerously near
There's always a bit of a haze.
It's so shady down there that the flowers never bloom,
For their dear little buds always chill,
When the wind and the rain, the mist and the gloom
Come hastening over the hill.

Keep out of the valley; climb up on the heights,
Where the sunshine is flooding the air,
Where there are no shadows — God turned on the lights,
And the heart-warmth is felt everywhere.
Lift your eyes to the hills; give the high places choice,
For your life should have more room to grow;
It is light that you need, and your soul must have voice,
For it starved in the valley below.

The flowers grow so thick at the top of the hill,
It's gorgeous with riotous bloom;
But a step — they are yours; you may pluck all you will,
And may share the exquisite perfume.
The hills are so friendly; it's lonely below,
Shut out of the warmth and the cheer;
There is sunshine for all; I can see the first glow,—
So move out of the shadows, my dear.

MUSIC

When your heart and brain are weary, and you're tired and sort
of blue,

Is there anything like music's spell to make you feel like new ?

Don't it set you to rejoicing and drive all your cares away,

When they open the piano, and some one begins to play ?

And when the player's lively, and the music's livelier still,

And the notes are bubbling over like a little laughing rill,

You just catch the sweet infection, and you're feeling pretty soon

As if nothing had gone sideways, and the whole world was in tune.

And your friends are all around you — for they never went away

As you thought they did when ev'rything went wrong the other
day;

And the world is full of happiness, and all is bright and fair,

And life is what you want it when there's music in the air.

And when the music's low and sweet, and tender the refrain,

It makes you feel as though there was a balm for every pain;

And 'twas worth a-trying to be good, and make another start,

And you feel as if a little bird was singing in your heart.

And the sun is shining brightly; all the clouds have rolled away,

And there's not a single shadow in the path you walk to-day,

For the music's way down in your soul, perfuming all your life,

And you have no time for bitterness, anxiety and strife.

Oh! this world is filled with music, and we're members, ev'ry one,

Of the orchestra which plays each day, from rise to set of sun,

For we're playing for eternity — and, as the ages roll,

We'll find the sweetest music is the music of the soul.

AFTERWARDS

I want no monument when I shall die,
No stately column pointing to the sky;
No pomp, display or any needless show
To bind my willing footsteps as I go

To the beyond.

No, it will be

Enough for me,

If I may know that friends will say,
"We loved her"; if their thoughts but stay
About my mem'ry; if my efforts should
Assist some lonely traveler to be good;
If kindly words or thoughts expressed
Could bring some poor soul peace and rest.

Ah! then, no more I ask,

For living was no task,

And to have been a just and tender friend
Is to have lived a life that knows no end.

THOUGHT

'Tis said that ev'ry thought, though it may be
Harbored within the mind but for a space
Of one brief second, unmistakably
Upon the soul will leave a lasting trace.
A thought — a fleeting thought — do we control
The vagaries and fancies of our brains ?
Are we at liberty to stem the roll
Of pre-conceived ideas ? He who gains
No comfort from these pictures of the mind,
Who seeks no solace from the great To-be,
Is desolate indeed. Ah, none more blind
Than they who, having eyes, refuse to see.
The mechanism of a human brain !
What could be subtler, more intense than this —
The sounding-board of Life's electric chain,
Whereon, as they shall leap the dark abyss
Of ignorance and pretense, the thoughts which fill
Our very lives are mirrored — anchored wait
For some expression of the parent will
To solve them into an existent state ?
We do not birth our thoughts. Transmission shows
Its power when soul will vibrate unto soul —
When sympathy, the unexplained — fast grows,
Increasing as our feet press toward the goal.
Ah, if the soul — the sensitive — shall take
The impress of each thought, God grant that we
May be immune from any which might make
Disfiguring scars. From far futurity
Gleam stars of promise — rays of hope which light
The pathway, and we stretch our hands
To the unseen for guidance through the night
To clearer truths and glorious summer-lands.

A QUERY

Is there somewhere a key-note in your life ?

Does your heart hold the refrain ?

Does your soul accord to some magic word

As thirsty flowers to the rain ?

Was there ever a flower which meant to you

More than mere words could express,

And which brought to you from the infinite blue

A feeling of restfulness ?

Do you ever feel o'er your being steal

A tremulous musical thrill,

That pulses and throbs, and quivers and sobs,

And will not be silenced at will ?

Was there ever a song which filled your soul

With a restful peace and calm,

Till the sweet tones lay in ecstasy

And rounded a beautiful psalm ?

SOME TIME

There isn't a river that runs to the sea,
There isn't a streamlet that flows,
But some time or other pours out its full flood
And down to eternity goes
In the waters of some larger stream, lulled to rest,
With its secrets all hidden upon that broad breast.

The mad, rushing torrent, the water-fall gay,
And the meadow brook, placid and still;
Each and all find a haven to hide them away,
And embosom their troubles at will.
And 'tis meet that their wanderings some day should cease,
And their tireless persistency give way to peace.

There isn't a person in all this wide earth,
No matter how troubled he be,
But some time or other his cares will be lost,
And his heart and his brain will be free.
All the longings that haunt, and the sorrows that pall,
Will be satisfied, comforted, yea —
When his life shall flow out to that broad, endless sea,
All the night shall be turned into day.

JUST A SMILE

A smile for me in the morning, dear,
Will tune my heart for a day;
And a loving word makes me blithe as a bird,
No matter if skies are gray.

A smile for me in the morning, dear,
Will stay with me all day long;
And a tender glance will be felt perchance
Like the tones of a beautiful song.

A smile for me in the morning, dear,—
Your smile so sunny and sweet,
Would make me forget the troubles I'd met,
And bring all the world to my feet.

A smile for me in the evening, dear,
Ah! that's when I like it best,
With your own dear face, by God's willing grace,
And working is nothing but rest.

A smile for me all the day, dear,—
I never can spare e'en one;
You must smile at dawn, at the noontide too,
And smile when the day is done.

And smile for me all my life, dear,
And make me so happy, I'll pray
To the Father above who has sent me your love,
And your smiles to illumine my way.

ASPIRATION

We are but stepping-stones of vain endeavor,
The tenements we build are incomplete;
If our weak hands could touch the mighty lever,
And raise our soul-creations up to greet
The eyes which strain in eager, anxious watching,—
Ah! then, fulfilled anticipation's joy;
Ah! then, the world would be delight eternal,
And life a perfect day without alloy.

If sorrows did not come with ev'ry turning,
If truth and honor made the world go 'round,
If happiness and peace were had for yearning,
Ah! then, Elysium surely would be found.
It is th' unceasing strife that makes the hero,
The friction with the world, and soul with soul;
The reaching forth for life and light and wisdom,
The drawing nearer to the perfect whole.

And thus the world moves on. Our feet are pressing
Futurity's broad sands; we vainly clasp
Ambition's gilded chalice while confessing
Life's sweetest flowers are not within our grasp.
But rise, oh! dreamer; thine the chord triumphant.
It may be thine to wake the world with song;
And ages will remember that sweet heart-strain,
Which in thy jealous keeping slumbered long.

SWEET CLOVER

There's a magical spell in sweet clover I know,
As it grows by the wayside and sways to and fro,
For the feathery blossoms of yellow and white
Always nod me a greeting. What prettier sight
Could there be on a dusty and hot summer day,
When all nature is breathless, and butterflies play
Hide-and-seek in the flowers, and the bumble-bees drone,
Than a long country road with sweet clover o'ergrown ?

So I love the sweet clover; as long as it grows
I'll choose it in pref'rence to lily or rose,
For its quaint, dreamy fragrance is sweeter, I think,
Than the perfume of mignonette, pansy or pink,
And its long, trailing blossoms of yellow and white
Are symbols of purity, sweetness and light;
And it must be God loves it; I'm sure it is so,
For all over the land He permits it to grow.

I've a bunch of sweet clover, all withered and dried,
Laid away in a drawer — with blue ribbon it's tied;
And sometimes when the clover's done blooming, I take
These few sprays from their hiding-place; ah! they will wake
For me mem'ries as sweet and as lasting, I trow,
As the fragrance which lives and still pleases me so.

DEDICATORY POEM

A TRIBUTE TO THE 114TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

(Read at Dedication of Monument erected by the State of New York
at Winchester, Va., October 19, 1898.)

There's a hush upon the hill-tops, and a stillness 'mongst the
trees;

Nature is an eager list'ner, while the plaintive autumn breeze
Whispers in our ears the story of the fall of sixty-four,
Making pulses throb the faster, and the hearts beat as of yore.

Ah! the tales that breeze is telling! Comrades all, you know
them well;

How we marched and camped and fought amid a storm of shot
and shell;

How we gained the day at Cedar Creek, and Winchester was ours,
And the days were filled with fighting, and the nights with
anxious hours.

Suns of four and thirty summers and as many winters' snows
Have since that autumn passed around, and mem'ry stronger
grows

With each succeeding season; now we come to give due praise
To the gallant boys and valiant deeds which crowned those
weary days.

Ah! my comrades, yonder granite block is not a lifeless stone.
'Tis a breathing, live memorial; its sculptor drew a moan
From out the massive heart with ev'ry chisel stroke so true,
And the granite wept in sympathy, as the angel slowly grew.

My brothers, you who're here to-day, and comrades long asleep,
Upon whose lives the Angel Pain has carven oft and deep,
Remember that the chisel's stroke brings forth your sobs and
tears,

But God can see the angel growing with the passing years.

Each of you now stands a time-enduring monument. Years
past

Have but an added lustre given — a sacred radiance cast
Upon your glorious action; your brave, distinguished part
In that struggle has been graven on each tender, loyal heart.

Those dear comrades who have journeyed on a little space before,
Are here to-day with us, perchance; ah! brothers, when we wore
The blue, we were together. Why not now as then the same,
For death is life in truer mold—'tis but another name?

Time has brought us all together; no more warfare — no more
foes,

One brave country fosters all; the lamp of progress throws
Its burning light upon us, and it matters not to-day
If years ago some donned the blue, while others wore the gray.

There's a hush still o'er the hill-tops; gentle peace is ev'rywhere;
Bare your heads, my comrades; Nature's benediction, like a
prayer,

Comes through the autumn shadows, and the leaves on all the
trees

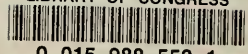
Are list'ning to the stories of the plaintive autumn breeze.



DEC 15 1906



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 988 550 1